UNITY

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Shall We Join the Crowd?

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

China, India and English Imperialism

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

To Clarence Darrow

By ZONA GALE

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III, Chapter V. By M. K. GANDHI

The Decline of the Feeling for Nature

By KENNETH GLENDOWER DARLING

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, MAY 9, 1927 NUMBER 10

A PROPOS SACCO AND VANZETTI!

"It is not the form or letter of the trial by jury that authorizes you to send your fellow man to his dread account, but it is the spirit that sanctifies that glorious institution; and if, through pride, passion, timidity, weakness, or any cause, you deny the prisoner one iota of all the defense to which he is entitled by the law of the land, you yourselves, whatever his guilt may be, will have broken the commandment, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"There is not a corrupt or prejudiced witness, there is not a thoughtless or heedless witness, who has testified what was not true in spirit, or what was not wholly true, or who has suppressed any truth, who has not offended against the same injunction."

"Nor is the Court itself above the commandment. If these judges have been influenced by the excitement which has brought this vast assemblage here, and under such influence, or under any other influence, have committed voluntary error, and have denied to the prisoner, or shall hereafter deny to him, the benefit of any fact or any principle of law, then this Court will have to answer for the deep transgression, at the bar at which we all shall meet again."

William H. Seward.

(In case of William Freeman.)

Governor Smith apparently thinks he is a good Roman Catholic. His reply to Mr. Marshall, however, shows that he has been a much closer student of his politics than of his religion. What a blessed reassurance it is that thousands of good American citizens are like him? It would be too bad to have to believe that all of the laity who render lip-service to our various ecclesiastical bodies actually believe what their religious mentors say they believe, that they personally cherish the spiritual ideals which their churches seek to inculcate. It would not only be ungracious, but doubtless untrue, to say that Governor Smith is a Roman Catholic for political purposes only. He really thinks he is a Catholic. Of course he thinks that way, as a matter of fact, because he does not think. But he at least thinks that he thinks. He is manifestly a Roman Catholic because he was born to the manor, and was sent to the parochial school when he was a lad. The reason he continues in that role is because he has been too busy about matters other than those of formal religion to become anything else. Well, that is the way with most Americans, is it not? How many would become adherents of any of the present type of American churches if all these churches were today making a clean and even start, if none were heir to traditions and none endowed by property? Where would any of them come out if each were compelled to appeal to the reason and the sincere spiritual experience of the people in our several communities? What a religious house-cleaning would result, in such an event! And how little of the present religious order would so much as recognize itself after the common verdict was in! Governor Smith is simply taking his religion as most Americans take theirs. Honest! Sincere! When backed off into a corner and forced to deliver himself of a confession of religious faith, doing it magnificently! But showing that his sincere religious belief has no essential connection with the ecclesiastical mechanism through which even he supposes it to be mediated. Thank you, again, Al Smith; you have done Americanism another good turn!

We have said nothing in these columns about President Coolidge's veto of the resolution of the Philippine Assembly calling for a referendum in the islands on the question of independence, because our capacity for indignation upon this theme has long since been exhausted. We captured the archipelago nearly thirty years ago by force of arms as a military incident in our war with Spain, and we had to bathe them in the precious blood of revolutionaries, fighting against our alien rule as our forefathers fought against British rule in 1776, before we could annex them to our crown —beg pardon, flag! In shame of our exploit, perhaps in lingering fidelity to our national ideals which were quicker then within our hearts than they are today, we promised to give the Filipinos their independence. Since then a quarter of a century has rolled by, and we have consistently repudiated our pledge. We have no more intention of freeing the Philippines than we have of returning California to Mexico, or Panama to Colombia. We are getting hardened to this international banditry. What President Coolidge has done in this latest act of his is to keep up the fine American tradition of imperialism. There wasn't an idea or even a word in his statement which was new. It was all said by George III and his ministers to the American colonists a century and a half ago. Nor was there an idea or a word which was true. If the United States wanted to free the Philippines, the objections cited by the President would melt away like ice on a steam radiator. The will is all! Thus, we could guarantee the sovereignty

of the islands by negotiating treaties with Britain, France and Japan. We could obviate all the economic difficulties elaborately conceived by Mr. Coolidge, by establishing special tariff and trade relations with the islanders. We could foster civilization and culture by keeping right on with our present work of education as a free gift of the American people in the interest of brotherhood and peace. It's all so simple! But rubber, oil, mines, plantations, all these are so much more important than ideals and promises and honor! Our wrath over this situation began years ago, and it is just about now spent!

The West Chester (Pa.) case, as it is coming to be called, is the latest fight in that battle for free speech which seems to be unending here in America. The whole episode is one of the most scandalous and shocking we have known since the struggle for civil liberties began. Here are two teachers in the State Normal School in West Chester—Robert T. Kerlin and John A. Kinneman, by name—ousted from their positions by refusal of the trustees of the institution to renew their contracts. These teachers had worked with the students' Liberal Club in discussing the policy of the United States in Nicaragua. The local American Legion post protested against the activities of the Club and its faculty advisors, and the dismissal of the teachers followed so promptly as to constitute what the *New Republic* calls "a causal relation." The principal of the School insists that the protest of the Legion had nothing to do with the case. As a matter of fact, it has everything to do with it. Major John A. Farrell knows what he is talking about when he takes credit to himself and to his Legion post for all that has happened. What we have here is the professional assassination of two teachers of unblemished reputation for daring to encourage free discussion of governmental policy. One knows not whether to be the more indignant at the colossal "nerve" of the American Legion in attempting to run the schools of the nation as a kind of higher board of censorship and discipline, or at the spineless kow-towing of the principal and trustees of the School to the impertinent demands of a group of military thugs. The only persons involved in the affair who have saved themselves from utter contempt are the students, who have risen up in protest and rebellion. Twice the members of the Liberal Club have met in defiance of the orders of the president of the School to hold no meetings, thus emulating the minute-men on Lexington green who stood the closer when commanded by Major Percy to disperse. Brave boys! But meanwhile, what about the general public? How much longer are we going to stand this mingled nonsense and effrontery on the part of "patriots," so-called, who attempt to dictate to us what we shall and shall not think and say? The people of West Chester, be it said, are reacting splendidly. The local Legion post is for the moment very much on the defensive. But the nation itself must speak in no uncertain terms against this denial to Americans, in the name of Americanism, of their constitutional rights, if we are to be saved from Fascism.

It looks as though the American public were taking the administration of justice into their own hands. More and more they despair of the possibility of getting it from their courts. They are transferring at least outstanding issues to the newspapers. It is a blundering and brutal device, but the American public evidently think it preferable to the puttering refinements of the law courts. Sacco and Vanzetti stand a far better chance under the new regime than they did during the six or seven dreary years when the courts were droning out their "testimony." In the Ford-Sapiro case one of the Detroit newspapers committed a scandalous breach upon the old dignities. Its methods do not promise well for the ultimate efficiency of the new regime, but it has at least "busted up" the farce which the courts were perpetrating in the Ford-Sapiro libel suit. Crude as the device is, probably more essential justice will come out of the "bust-up" than if the farce had been permitted to run its reckoned course of solemnity. As the matter now stands the verdict of history will probably be that both the pot and the kettle are black. The jugglery of the courts by which one was to be subjected to a coating of whitewash would have demonstrated its true character after the first rain. A more tragic farce is opening on Long Island. In the Gray-Snyder murder trial the courts are running true to form. The newspapers have laid their plans to take over the conduct of the case. One hundred and fifty newspaper men are reported to have been delegated by individual papers and their joint newsgathering agencies to camp around the court. The only re-assuring incident up to date of this writing reflects credit upon the doctors. Four alienists have demonstrated that the medical profession does not propose longer to be bought and sold. They declined to give "scientific" evidence in accordance with the predilections of their employers. The legal profession dominates our courts. How long must a patient public await some show of regeneration there?

Do we witness the fall of Ford? May be. It must come some time. The organization which Henry Ford has built up is too exotic in the American economic order to endure long. Yet this may not be the time for the debacle. Mr. Ford has made blunders in the past, has learned his lesson, and has brought forth triumphant fruits of his frank repentence. But this instance is different. The conditions are unlike any which have before obtained. The Ford program has been steadily concentrating power at the top, while at the same time marvelously expanding at the bottom on all sides. This does not mean that the pyramid has

been gaining a surer base. The figure of speech would be more apt if the pyramid were conceived to be inverted. The balance has been all the time becoming more precarious. The toils in which Mr. Ford has become involved are partly due to the fact that he has been growing older, less flexible of mind, more inclined to domineer. Yet he has been creating a mechanism which it is absolutely impossible that one mind shall efficiently dominate. With every expansion of his mechanism he is more and more at the mercy of the minds and wills of the subordinates he has created. Yet he has left them subordinate. He necessarily delegates power, but has withheld responsibility. His utmost wisdom in choosing his men could not forestall the emergence of an editor who has proved unworthy of the absolute trust which Mr. Ford's literary limitations made necessary. In seeking to extricate himself from the toils into which this blundering or malicious editor has brought him, Mr. Ford has fallen into new toils spun by the "legal talent" to which his legal laymanship compelled his committing himself. Here is another case of the machine's getting too big and powerful for the man. This is common, both in German drama and in American industry.

Now we know what is the matter with the Italians. They lack a sense of humor. They laugh most heartily. They are positively gay. They dance and sing more light-heartedly than any other people on earth. But they still lack a deep sense of humor. They find it possible to take Benito Mussolini seriously! How unthinkable would be the career of such an individual in Britain or in America! Not that these brutal Anglo-Saxons, or mongrels, or however they may be characterized, are more virtuous individually or even more essentially democratic collectively. Perhaps it is nothing for us to boast over, but we can see the funny side of a Mussolini. Such a fellow could not last in American society longer than for our newspaper columnists to get a whack at him. To be sure, we have columnists, and the poor Italians haven't. Newspaper irreverence toward the mighty Duce is unthinkable on Italian soil. So the Italian does not understand how deucedly funny the Duce is. Perhaps here is one virtue which the American has a right to claim: he will permit none to rob him of his columnists and paragraphers. He will not allow his risibilities to be suppressed. His civil and economic liberties? Oh, yes, they are bartered away for the thinnest pottage. Any tough may break in while he is away at the movie and carry off his political rights. But not even a tough may safely make a fool of himself. Above all, no "statesman" dare take himself too seriously. No degree of probity and no exaltation of personal morals can redeem tin-godhood, in the estimation of the American public. They laughed the saintly Bryan into his grave, drove him from one fad to another until he perished of his own consuming seriousness. They have sent to the infirmary every eminent politician whose "greatness" became a disease. They are getting ready to do things even to cautious Cal. The paragraphers are sharpening their pencils and the columnists are "brushing the teeth" of their old typewriters in readiness for the third term boom. Though we must lose our liberties, pray all the powers that be that the American will not lose his sense of humor!

Shall We Join the Crowd?

Lincoln Steffens is reported to have had a change of heart. He is said to have told an audience in New York the other evening that he was finally convinced that most of his old ideas were bunk. Precisely what the character of Mr. Steffens' old ideas may be is comparatively unimportant. Presumably they have been of a reasonably liberal character inasmuch as he was addressing his old associates at the Civic Club.

What Mr. Steffens probably means is that he feels the iron grip of conservatism closing in upon his thought and activity; that he is tired of holding out against the crowd and is not quite sure how much longer he will be able to stand the pressure. His solution, therefore, is to join the crowd. Of course Mr. Steffens is not alone in his dislike of isolation. Such a status becomes particularly distasteful in the springtime. When everybody else is playing golf, remembering that golf is such a healthful game, a foursome ought not to be looked upon as a manifestation of total depravity. To be sure, it isn't this particular pastime to which it is suggested that we surrender ourselves, but the impulse is of a similar nature. If Mr. Steffens is correctly reported he admonishes us as follows:

> When the herd starts, go with it and try to get to the front (he said). Study current history with a view to changing your mind on anything and spend your energy less on seeking for laws and more for principles of government. You may oppose war but when it comes don't be a pacifist. Fight your fight between crises but when the crisis comes trail with the winner. It is the only way. Prime your strong man for the time when the throne is empty, and then be on the scene to put him on that throne.

That sounds like common sense. Not to adopt some such prudential policy puts one out of touch with one's constituency. But a good deal depends upon what you mean by constituency. If you happen to mean by it the ordinary barnyard variety of herd, the chances are that somebody is going to detect your naive display of design and intelligence.

There are several factors concerning the behavior of crowds which we know a good deal more definitely since Mr. Everett D. Martin so skillfully analyzed this matter several years ago.

For one thing your typical crowd wherever you find it thinks only of itself and magnifies its own importance, by the adoption of every conceivable device. The Hebrew people, for instance, have made a contribution to the ethical and religious treasure of the race of incalculable value. But the idea that they were God's chosen people while all others were by implication somehow rejected through virtue of their misfortune in the accident of birth, merely illustrates the egoism of the crowd. There used to be a popular song to the effect that "The Dutch Company is the best company that ever came over from the old country." No very great effort of the imagination is required to transfer this selfish appeal to a lot of imperialistic enterprises upon which the great nations of the West are engaged at the present moment.

Another thing that happens to you when you join the crowd is that you have to be mighty careful not to display any marks of intelligence, originality, or initiative. What is demanded is that everything shall be standardized and patterned to a common measure.

> It is a procrustean bed on which every spiritual superiority may be lopped off to a common measure, and every little ego consciousness may be stretched to the stature of full manhood.

Obviously the most charitable explanation to place upon our conduct when we permit ourselves to become thus submerged into the crowd is that our condition, mentally at least, is pathological. In fact such an explantation is more than charitable, it appears to be based upon the best observation of abnormal states of mind which have thus far been discovered and classified. Mr. Martin has probably summed up our status as members of the crowd with unerring accuracy when he says a crowd is "a device for indulging ourselves in a kind of temporary insanity by all going crazy together."

Mr. Steffens probably knows all these things about the nature and perversity of crowds; perhaps a good deal more. He may be right. Perhaps he has found a way of joining the crowd and becoming a part of it without going crazy with it. It is quite certain that any person who attempts to suppress the normal gregariousness of his nature will find that he is out of sorts with himself even though he is ignored by the crowd. The remedy, therefore, seems to lie along other lines than the rather costly appeal to prudence. It would be an immense satisfaction to those whose allegiance is attached to institutions of religion if it were possible to claim for the church the power of exorcising the inhumanity of the herd. Unfortunately, a religious crowd is precisely the same as any other crowd—egoistic, intolerant, and hateful. Therefore, we come back to the only remaining remedy which seems to offer any measure of success as embodied in the field of education. And here, happily, in spite of frequent appeals to reaction and the persecution of teachers of high rank and low who insist only upon the truth, one may observe tendencies of immense significance. When enough colleges will adopt the method which has been so courageously projected at Swarthmore, for example, of taking certain students out of the crowded class rooms as early as the second year in college and placing them on their own under competent guidance—as soon as this happens to any degree a new day has dawned in education, the old crowd system will have to take account of stock and "tired radicals" may find their second wind returning.

To join the crowd is a lot easier and a lot more fun than not to join it. Perhaps Mr. Steffens feels that the intangibility of influence which an independent thinker exercises is of too slight value to justify the cost. Emerson was right when he reminded us that

> Nor knowest thou what argument
> Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

But there are some things in this world with which we are compelled to take a chance and amongst these is the ineradicable impulse to go our own way.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

It is interesting to look at mid-western newspapers and see the Smith-Marshall letters on the Catholic church handled inconspicuously on the inside pages—page 15 of the Chicago *Tribune*, for example, on April 19th! Governor Smith has a long way to go before he captures the nation for the presidency.

The new French liner, *"Ile de France,"* is fitted with a 29-foot bar for the sale of liquor, a chapel seating 100 persons, and a garage accommodating 60 automobiles. This ship would seem to be a perfect replica of contemporary civilization.

Representative Madden declares that President Coolidge is the best national executive he has seen in his twenty-two years in Congress. We wonder how a Congressman with judgment of that kind ever got elected twenty-two years running!

The figure of Col. House has recently been painted out of the group of distinguished Americans in the French war panorama, *"Pantheon de la Guerre."* This strikes us as a kind of prophecy of what is destined to happen to Col. House on the pages of history. A futile little man, eaten up with a sense of his own importance, Col. House will enjoy that obscurity in the future which we are so curiously told was his objective in the pres-

ent. We have yet to hear of anybody, living or dead, who ever accomplished so little, while doing so much, as Col. House!

It always amuses us when people speak in awesome tones of the records of "best-sellers." Durant's "Story of Philosophy" is on its way to a 150,000 figure, and Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" to a 300,000 or 400,000 figure. But we see nothing wonderful and everything humiliating in these totals for a country that owns 21,000,000 automobiles.

We have often wondered why the eagle, a bird of prey, was chosen as the symbol of the United States of America!

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

"WAR FOR ANY PURPOSE SHALL BE ILLEGAL, AND NEITHER THE UNITED STATES NOR ANY STATE, TERRITORY, ASSOCIATION, OR PERSON SUBJECT TO ITS JURISDICTION SHALL PREPARE FOR, DECLARE, ENGAGE IN, OR CARRY ON WAR OR OTHER ARMED CONFLICT, EXPEDITION, INVASION, OR UNDERTAKING WITHIN OR WITHOUT THE UNITED STATES, NOR SHALL ANY FUNDS BE RAISED, APPROPRIATED, OR EXPENDED FOR SUCH PURPOSE."

I attended, recently, the First Anniversary Celebration Meeting of the introduction into the United States Senate, by Senator Lynn J. Frazier, of the above proposed Amendment to the Constitution—introduced 11:30 a. m., April 23, 1926. The celebration was held by the Women's Peace Union, in Bryn Mawr Club, 279 Lexington Ave., New York City—the two names "Bryn Mawr" and "Lexington" suggestion the two spirits there combining to make what might be described as Militant Quakerism.

It was a delight to me to see this group of one-hundred and fifty intelligent, earnest people get into action. They meant business from beginning to end—the end being a huge collection running into thousands of dollars—"work for the year"—some of it being telegraphed from faraway California. The Union is assured a good lively existence, as it enters upon a second year of work, to put the Amendment into the Constitution—putting down their lever at headquarters, at 39 Pearl Street—a stone's throw from Wall Street. The women of the Union are more certain that the above amendment will within 20 years get into the Constitution, than Garrison, or the Anthony sisters, or Frances Willard could have been over the abolition of slavery, the prohibition of organized drink traffic and equal suffrage getting into the Constitution—and they have better grounds for expecting their "dreams to come true." For, of all stupidities, crimes and colossal blunders—war certainly takes the prize—and men, even in the elevators of hotels and smoking rooms and lobbies of legislative halls, admit that the "argument against war is all in, and sufficient to convict, without the jury going through the formality of retiring to think."

As this meeting is liable to be historical—this and others to follow—and UNITY is sure to be turned to by future research students looking for the truth, I take the opportunity to report the meeting briefly. Elizabeth Ellsworth Cook was in the chair. It is a commonplace that women carry through parliamentary proceedings better than men. This woman carried out the tradition, telling first of the Amendment, its brevity, its clarity;—how, when they took it to Washington, the politicians laughed at them. They spent several weeks there and sought to see every senator. In point of time, they made almost a record canvass. They persisted, until, at length, they came to the door of Sen. Lynn J. Frazier, who listened, seriously and critically, to the proposal. He was a man who had experienced the last war, and so knew what war contained for the future of the nation. At last, he said he would. On the 23rd of April, 1926, he offered in the Senate a joint resolution,

"proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States relative to war." . . . "Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), That the following article is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution, which shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States."

Then follows the Amendment, as above given. It was promptly referred to the Judiciary Committee.

On January 22nd, 1927, a hearing, lasting two hours, was held before the Judiciary Committee.

Katherine Devereux Blake next told of the Washington hearing. She is a daughter of the suffrage movement, and naturally takes up the effort to write, "War is Illegal," into the Constitution. She is head of a New York school. "The way to destroy war is to uproot it," she said. As things now stand, she went on to say, the lowest impulses are cultivated and sanctioned by the Constitution. Non-resistance is a weapon of the strong. Military men are the "corn-borers" of American life. Self-preservation is a reason for the abolition of war. War is not the result of courage, but of cowardice. America was frightened into the last war. War reveals our stupidities. Statesmen quarrel, and then order out the boys to kill each other. How stupid. "This Amendment is the first blast that will make the walls of Jericho—of militarism—fall."

Then Catherine Luxow Babcock was called upon. She is the chairman of the Working Committee of the Union. She was introduced as the "daughter of Senator Luxow. She is an expert lobbyist, for to her Senators are as blades of grass." She spoke of the "times as being too perilous to permit sitting down. There was work to do,—and much of it." She proceeded to read messages from near and far. Runham Brown, of the English War Resisters, said, "Go forward. In England, we are voting 'No war credits.'" Wilford Wellock, recently elected M. P., cabled, "Success to the anniversary. The idea is spreading, but the pace must be quickened." Wellock went to prison as a war-resister, and now is sent to Parliament, for the same reason. And Senator Frazier sent word, "The world's present condition argues that the only way to get rid of war is to abolish it."

Mrs. Babcock said, the senators are, many of them, open-minded, but uneducated. We must seek to educate them—also our congressmen. Write them, whenever proper occasion lends itself. Maybe, in another year, a proposal to make war illegal will be introduced in the Reichstadt. There is another side. "While we

speak, men are in prison, as objectors to war." Then Mrs. Babcock "passed the hat" for the work of the Union, and money began to roll in in sums from $500 down. Tell it not to the Scabbard and Blade! Then was passed a rousing resolution, calling upon our government to recall immediately all armed forces from China; also, a vote of thanks to Senator Frazier for his bravery in introducing the Amendment, a great step in American freedom. Then, the occasion was made for the selling of literature, for educating the ignorant:—a stock of which, most excellent and virile and up-to-date, is kept on hand at headquarters, 39 Pearl Street. It was close to mid-night, when Mollie Best—author of the stirring book, "Rebel Saints," which ought to be read by tens of thousands, and will be, if I am any judge of a good seller—in an inimitable manner, read a monologue, "Mrs. Tubbins," who asks the question, "who's getting protected?" and says "Your king and your country needs you." and "If England goes down." and "I'm as much credit to my king and country as my king and country are credits to me."

It was a tonic to pass a few hours in a company of people, who proudly proclaimed, war shall be illegal, and as such it shall be written in the Constitution of the land! It brought hope! It is a logical step for the nation to take. Back of this effort is the sanction of great men and women, whose memories are sacred—the great ethical teachers, like Tolstoy, Gandhi and pre-eminently Jesus—and the practical Quakers! As long as our Constitution sanctions war—as it does, even preparing the way for it, and providing for its support, and in prodigality,—so long will it be as Garrison declared, when referring to slavery, a "covenant with hell." Success to the women of the Peace Union—who are uncompromisingly four-square against war. They are right, it must be written in the constitutional law of the land, of all lands, that war is illegal.

SYDNEY STRONG.

China, India and English Imperialism

I have always felt very keenly on the subject of China and have never failed to express my condemnation of the policy that is being pursued there. The present expedition of the English against China is a crime against humanity, and to our utter shame India is being used as a pawn in the game.

The perpetrators of the tyranny that is doing havoc in China always keep themselves behind, while the Indians who are being used as tools in carrying out their nefarious designs have to come in direct contact with the Chinese people. The result is that all their resentment and hatred are directed against the Indians, so much so that they call us demons. It is not an unfamiliar sight in China to see the Indian policeman pulling the Chinese by the hair and kicking him down for no apparent reasons. What wonder is there that we would be characterized by that title! . . . It was Indian soldiers who had helped England to wrest Hong Kong from China, and many a scar of their dealing disfigures the fair breast of our neighbor—the China who once treasured within her heart the footprints of Buddha, the China of I-Tsing and Huen-Tsang. . . .

This is the tragedy of the present helpless plight of India. Enslaved as we are, to our utter shame, we are being used as instruments for forging fetters for other people. In a crusade against justice, freedom and morality where the English are the aggressors, India is being dragged into the field against her own will. It is a loathsome insult to our manhood, and to add to this, the calumny and condemnation which should justly go over to our masters wholly fall to our share.

And what has India to gain by allowing such a huge waste of money and man power? By fighting for a cause which is so disreputable her sons cannot claim to be recognized as heroes, nor does it help her in the least to shake off the yoke of foreign domination that sits heavy upon her. That is why India is regarded by other Asiatic powers as a menace to their freedom. The vast resources at her disposal are the very ground of their apprehension and so long as the disposal of these resources lies beyond her own control they will be always looking upon her with an eye of suspicion and sneer.

The result is that India is fast losing that respect which was only hers as the greatest spiritual ambassador in Asia. It is she who has for ages supplied the spiritual nourishment to China and other Asiatic countries and sent out emissaries to preach the gospel of love and unity. But in the hour of China's peril, the fallen people of India now go there as the harbinger of political repression; the age-long affinity that tradition has built up will at once crumble down to pieces. Can anything be more deplorable?

We are being repeatedly reminded by the British statesmen that England is fighting on a defensive in China. But who gave the offense, may I ask? Who attempted to thrust opium down the throat of the whole population of China at the point of the bayonet and penalized their non-compliance by taking possession of their country? Why was Hong Kong wrested away from the Chinese people by force? It was China's weakness that made her submit at that time, and if a powerful China now demands the restoration of what was once her own, surely a long possession by force cannot be urged by the English as a justification for retaining an ill-gotten property. It was the English who took up the original offensive, and they should not now take shelter under the false cry of a defensive campaign. It is China who is really on the defensive.

Let the English indulge in the free exercise of their arbitrary will within India, but let them not compel us to participate in the colossal crime against humanity in China. Let them desist from the unholy exploitation of the helplessness of a people in order to rob other peoples of their heritage. Let loose your engine of "law and order" to work with unabated vigor, but for God's sake leave us alone to drink the cup of our humiliation within the four corners of this land, and not make an exhibition of it before the world. . . .

War clouds hover today over the sky of humanity. The cry resounds in the West; and Asia doth prepare weapons in her armories of which the target is to be the heart of Europe; and nests are being built on the shores of the Pacific for the ravening vulture-ships of England. True, Japan of the farthest East is already awake. China in her turn is being roused at the sound of robbers breaking through her walls. It may be that this gigantic nation will be able to shake off the weakness of repeated blood-letting and of the fumes of opium, and become self-conscious. And of course, those who have been engaged in rifling her pockets will be bound to look on this as a menace to Europe.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

To Clarence Darrow

[On the occasion of his 70th birthday Dinner, April 18th, 1927.]

There was a man with whose opinion half the people disagreed.
And each half called him a cynic.
He himself said: "The trouble is, there are so few who have my view point,
And most of them are bound to pretend that they have not."
He said to a friend:
"I am always sorry when you don't like what I say,
For I think that either you should think differently,
Or that I should think differently;
And I try to believe that I mean the latter;
By which I know that I mean the former."
Yes, he was genuinely regretful when he did not agree with people—
And so he was often genuinely regretful.

Whenever he spoke for race equality or for the rights of Labor
Or against capital punishment or on the disgrace of jails,
Some of us always knew that we were going to agree with him.
But whenever he talked on "Life; is it worth it?"
Or "Is the Human Race Getting Anywhere?"
Or on Religion or the Eighteenth or Nineteeth Amendment,
Then some of us knew that we should disagree with everything he said,
Because we still clung to the Human Race and to life,
And to the Eighteenth Amendment, even though—
Even though,
And yet we always went to listen to him,
For in debate we would rather disagree with this man
Than to agree with any other speaker that we know.

So it is not for opinion's sake that we have gathered to do him honor,
Because those of us who honor him could debate long
On our own opinion of his opinion.

Clarence Darrow, we are here because we revere your practice of life.
And that is more than any opinion.
We revere your deep knowledge that we are all more alike than we are different.
"Nothing," you have said, "has ever happened to me
That has not happened to everyone."
You never say: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."
Instead you say: "There go I."
You identify yourself with everyone, in every crisis;
The moment when ambition abandons a man
And is buried deep, so deep, that it can never look outward again;
The moment when a woman says: "I might have made life this,
And not that." The ache of resentment in a child's heart,
In any of the oppressed and the exploited—
You know them all, you serve them all.
This is how you practice life—and law.
And we revere a practice like that.

Friends, out of his own mouth you may judge him.
(There now are his words in Farmington)
"It is only our mistakes and failures and trials—
(He said)
That teach how really alike are all human souls.
It is only life that makes us know
That pity and charity and love are the chief virtues
And cruelty and hardness and selfishness the greatest sins!"
(Are those the words of a Cynic?)
And again: "The imagination of a child (he said)
Is aroused when he really feels himself
A part of all the living things
With which his life is cast;
Feels that he is of kin
To the parents and teachers, the men and women,
The boys and girls, the beasts and birds
With whom he lives and breathes and moves.
If this thought and this feeling
Take possession of the heart of the child,
He will need no rules or lessons for his conduct.
For this will become a portion of his life;
And his association with his fellows,
Both human and animal,
Will be marked by consideration, gentleness and love."

So he has written in Farmington.
Now no matter what he says when he debates
Do you call a man a cynic who writes like that?
Or do you call a man a cynic who acts like that?
And this, this he has written about his father:
"After all
I am glad that my father and comrades
Lived their dreams; I am glad
That they really lived above the sordid world
In that ethereal realm which none but the devoted
Ever see. For I know that their visions raised my Father
From the valley, the mill, the commonplace,
To the broad heights
Where he really lived and died."
He did not write these words in rhythm, in Farmington,
The words emerge in rhythm without changes,
Because they were conceived in rhythm.
Are they the words of a cynic?
If those are the words of a cynic
Then I charge you, let us all be cynics too!

ZONA GALE.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTER V

Education of Children

When I landed at Durban in January 1897, I had three children with me, my sister's son aged 10, and my own sons aged 9 and 5. Where was I to educate them?

I could have sent them to the schools for European children, but only as a matter of favor and exception. For no other Indian children would be allowed. For them there were schools established by Christian missions, but I was not prepared to send my children there, as I did not like the education imparted in those schools. For one thing, the medium of instruction there would be only English, or perhaps incorrect Tamil or Hindi, which too could be arranged not without difficulty. I could not possibly put up with this and other disadvantages. I was making my own attempt to teach them but that was at best irregular and I could not get hold of a suitable Gujarati teacher.

I was at my wits' end. I advertised for an English teacher who would teach the children under my direction. Some regular instruction was to be given them by this teacher and for the rest they should be satisfied with what little I could give them irregularly. So I engaged an English governess on £ 7 a month. This went on for some time but not to my satisfaction. The boys acquired some Gujarati through my conversation and intercourse with them which was strictly in Gujarati. I was loath to send them back to India for I believed even then that young children should not be separated from their parents. The education that children naturally pick up in a well-ordered household is impossible in hostels. I therefore kept my children with me. I did send my nephew and my elder son to be educated at residential schools in India for a few months, but I had soon to recall them. Later, the eldest son, long after he had come of age, broke away from me and went to India to join a High School in Ahmedabad. I have an impression that the nephew was satisfied with what I could give him. Unfortunately he died in the prime of youth after a brief illness. The other three of my sons have never been at a public school, though they did get some regular schooling in an improvised school which I had started for the children of Satyagrahi parents in South Africa.

These experiments were all inadequate. I could not give the children all the time I wanted to give them. My inability to give them enough attention and other unavoidable causes prevented me from giving them the literary education I desired and all my sons have had complaints to make against me in this matter. Whenever they come across an M. A. or B. A., or even a matriculate, they seem to labor under the handicap of a want of school education.

Nevertheless I am of opinion that if I had insisted on their being educated at public schools somehow, they would have been deprived of the training that could be had only at the school of experience or from constant contact with parents; I should never have been free, as I am today, from anxiety on their score, and the artificial education that they could have had in England or South Africa, torn from me, would never have taught them the simplicity and the spirit of service that they show in their lives today and their artificial ways of living might have been a serious handicap in my public work. Therefore, though I have not been able to give them literary education either to their or to my satisfaction, I am not quite sure, as I look back on my past years, that I have not done my duty by them to the best of my capacity. Nor do I regret having not sent them to public schools. On the contrary, I have always felt that the undesirable traits I see today in my eldest son are an echo of my own undisciplined and unformulated early life. I regard that part of my life as a period of half-baked knowledge and indulgence. It coincided with the most impressionable years in my eldest son's life and naturally he has refused to regard them as my days of indulgence and inexperience. He has, on the contrary, believed that that was the brightest period of my life, and the changes effected in later life have been due to delusion miscalled enlightenment. And well he might. Why should he not think that my earlier years represented a period of awakening and the later years of radical change were years of delusion and egotism? Often have I been confronted with various posers from friends: What harm had there been, if I had given my boys an academical education? What right had I thus to clip their wings? Why should I have come in the way of their taking degrees and choosing their own careers?

I do not think that there is much point in these questions. I have come in contact with numerous students. I have tried myself or through others to impose my educational 'fads' on other children too and I have seen the results thereof. There are a number of young men today contemporaneous with my sons and I do not think man to man they are any better than my sons, or that my sons have anything to learn from them.

But the ultimate result of my experiments is in the womb of the future. My object in discussing this subject here is that a student of the history of civilization may have some measure of the difference between disciplined home education and school education, and of the effect on children of the changes introduced by parents in their lives. The purpose of this chapter is also to show the extent to which a votary of truth is driven by his

experiments with truth, as also to show the votary of liberty how many are the sacrifices demanded by the stern goddess. Had I been blind to a sense of self-respect, and allowed myself to be satisfied with having for my children the education that other children could not get, I should certainly have given them a literary education, but deprived them of the object lesson in liberty and self-respect that I gave them at the cost of a literary education. And where a choice has to be made between liberty and learning, who will not say that the former has to be preferred a thousand times to the latter?

The youths whom I called out in 1920 from those citadels of slavery—their schools and colleges—and whom I advised that it was far better to remain unlettered and break stones for the sake of liberty than to go in for a literary education with the chains of slavery, will probably be able now to trace my advice to its source.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

The Decline of the Feeling for Nature

Renaissance literature—so we are assured by the critics—reveals the first hints of a general dawning consciousness of the beauty of nature in its sublimer aspects. To the medieval mind, it seems, the Alps, far from inspiring the beholder with a sense of their majesty and grandeur, were the embodiment of all that was hostile and forbidding in nature. The traveler en route from Italy to the North, or vice versa, hence regarded this area of Europe as but an inhospitable barrier to his progress—a necessary evil, the sooner surmounted and banished from his consciousness the better. This point of view, persisting in the case of such enlightened minds as that of Madame de Staël until the nineteenth century, has been aptly summarized by the distinguished mountain explorer, Sir Martin Conway, in one of the opening chapters of his penetrating study "The Alps."

Now a survey of the attitude of the present generation of Americans, it seems to me, presents, in a sense, a reversal of the process which unfolded to the more susceptible minds among the writers of the Renaissance period the beauty and the inspirational qualities associated with natural scenery. The average American of the younger generation is apparently losing his capacity for the appreciation of nature. But whereas the medieval reaction was *positive* in character—one of actual repugnance to nature in its grander and more rugged aspects—the current attitude of American youth is *negative* in essence—one of growing indifference and apathy—and extends, furthermore, to the *whole field* of landscape. The country, including the mountains, still attracts, to be sure, its quota of lip worshipers. Golf claims an ever-increasing number of devotees; "hiking," during the past two decades, has assumed the proportions of an institution of the first importance in the realm of out-of-door sports; and the motor mania has placed us Americans in the front rank of excursionists the world over. But let us look a bit beneath the surface and examine, for a moment, the actual basis for these specious claims to nature worship. In a word, let us consider the motivation of these various activities.

Golf may be safely dismissed as a relatively pure phenomenon of sport, with landscape as a mere decorative adjunct. After all, who would deny that the average mind is so largely a one-track mind that concentration upon a competitive game leaves scant room for the plausible assumption of basic aesthetic motivation? As to "hiking." Will anyone have the hardihood to affirm that the enthusiasm underlying this activity roots primarily in the instinct of communion with nature—in the craving for more intimate acquaintance with its subtle beauties, its varied moods, its complex juxtapositions of details? Is not the fundamental motive of those who participate in such enterprises, rather, the instinct of gregariousness, the opportunity for the display of their physical prowess, the craving for adventure? And how disillusioning is the spectacle, not infrequently, when one observes in detached fashion the reaction of these young enthusiasts when the goal has been attained! One of my favorite haunts in southern California is Mount Wilson, the seat of the Carnegie Solar Observatory. This peak lies in the heart of the Sierra Madre Range, some fifteen miles northeast of Los Angeles. Southward the eye roams over the coastal plain to the blue, island-studded Pacific beyond; northward one surveys range upon range of peaks and ridges culminating on the border of the Mojave Desert, in the majestic crest of San Antonio. Every week-end the trail ascending the range from the village of Sierra Madre is black with the eager forms of hikers seeking, presumably, the inspiration of the heights. But let us take up our position, as impartial observers, at Echo Rock, to witness the response of this throng of nature-lovers to the spectacle of the dawn. Cat-calls, raucous laughter at some ribald jest or tale, inanities, the antics of the hoodlum, or "rough neck"—such is the eloquent testimony to the fine spirit of appreciation which actually motivates the greater part of these excursions to the heart of nature! Alas, another romantic idol shattered!—a valid check upon this diagnosis may be obtained by noting the marked decrease of enthusiasm for mountaineering in the absence of the stimulus afforded by gregariousness. One illustration may suffice. My attention was recently called to a fairly typical case, that of a young woman, living near Los Angeles, who, although a devotee of mountain-climbing, dislikes venturing into the wilds alone. For some months, I am informed, she has been unable to indulge her propensities in this direction for lack of a companion of like tastes.

Let us consider, next, the phenomenon of motoring. Here, I submit, we reach the *reductio ad absurdum* of the claim for landscape appreciation based upon physical propinquity to nature. I am prepared, at the outset, to admit the occasional advantages to be derived from this means of locomotion in the field under consideration. Where nature operates, so to speak, in large, more or less undifferentiated units, as in the case of far-flung mountain ranges, broad expanses

of woods and plain, sweeping vistas of sea and shoreline, the motorist, proceeding at a moderate rate of speed, may indeed satisfactorily embrace the essential features of the view. I recall, for example, in connection with an automobile tour of Great Britain, my own vivid impressions of Exmoor and Dartmoor, of the bold and sinuous coast of Devonshire and Cornwall, of the towering, heather-clad mountains of north Wales.

But let us turn from this relatively restricted sphere to the field of operation of the average motorist of, say, New England. Several of my vacations have been spent, of late years, in Massachusetts, along the North Shore (between Beverly and Gloucester) and in the Berkshires. In my rambles through these two regions I find myself, as a pedestrian, wholly without a competitor—in fact, *a last survivor of an otherwise extinct species*. Nay, more. I am beginning to entertain some doubt as to my sanity; for on recent tramps I have observed that an overwhelming majority of my compatriots, as they sweep complacently by, are unable to refrain from pronounced expressions (not infrequently audible in character) of amusement at the spectacle afforded by such an "original." At first glance I am doubtless mistaken for a laborer en route to or from his appointed task; but a second glance at my costume seems to dispel that otherwise plausible illusion. Lest my experience at this point be perhaps attributed to some eccentricity other than the one in question, it may not be amiss to cite the following passage from a recent address by a prominent New York clergyman:

> It is my habit in the summer time to do a great deal of walking, just for the fun of it. A certain part of this walking is along the highways of the countryside, which are more or less crowded with automobiles. Inevitably, every day, as I stroll along, automobile after automobile will slow up and come to a stop, and the driver of the car will ask where I am going and whether I wouldn't like to ride. Then begins the fun! With great politeness, and a very sober face, I decline the invitation thus so kindly offered, and explain that I am walking for pleasure. But the explanation seldom seems to explain. The people in the automobiles look blank, ask me to "say that again"; then, when I repeat my words, they shake their heads dubiously, or take alarm and push their machines into "high speed." And I trudge along, and smile to myself as I think of how many tourists that evening are going to while away the still hours of the night by telling about that lunatic they met down the road who thought he was walking "for pleasure."

Now, in the light of our inquiry into the present status of nature appreciation, how are we to interpret, in such cases, the exclusive vogue of motoring and the ill-concealed contempt for the plodding pedestrian? We are at once constrained to raise again the question, Is the excursionist primarily or even appreciably concerned with the beauty of the landscape? If we are able to establish, on the one hand, the fact of the essential obstacle to its intelligent observation and just appreciation imposed by the usual means of locomotion, and, on the other, the immeasurably superior advantage attached to the more leisurely progress of the traveler afoot, then, I take it, we are in a fair position to answer this basic question in the negative. Even a casual acquaintance with the two regions which I have chosen for purposes of illustration reveals the fact that their individuality, their essential charm, inheres rather in their diversity of subtle detail than in any large-scale panorama of broad, more or less homogeneous effects whose significance may be apprehended at a single glance. It is precisely by reason of this element of heterogeneity and concentration—of *multum in parvo*—that adequate observation imperatively demands the patient and discerning scrutiny of the pedestrian. How, indeed, can the eye of the nature-lover otherwise perceive and absorb the intimate details of such a landscape—here a meadow resplendent with buttercups and daisies; there a warm-hued woodland glade dotted with waving plumes of goldenrod and purple asters, and encompassed by the serried ranks of somber evergreens; or, again, a bit of moorland presenting a tangle of sweet fern, of red-splotched sumac, of brier roses, of rustic hedges festooned with riotous sprays of wild grape, climbing cucumber, and convolvulus; or a roadside bordered with a variegated mosaic of tender herbaceous foliage, overarched by a fretted canopy of kingly oaks or beeches? What—to multiply illustrations—does the speeding motorist know of the shifting pattern of light and shade which the sunlight weaves upon the carpet-like floor of our woodland sanctuaries; or of the gleam of clustered birch trunks, or the glint and shimmer of tremulous aspens beside some plashing streamlet? When we consider, finally, the appeal to the ear or the olfactory sense—the blithe caroling of birds, the dreamy soughing of the breeze in the tree tops, the shrilling of insect life astir in some sun-bathed forest glade, or, again, the fragrance of wild roses, of pine and fir, or the delicate aroma of massed sweet fern and goldenrod—we speak, obviously, of sense experiences quite beyond the ken of the automobilist.

Still further light may be thrown upon the phase of American tastes and cultural standards under discussion if we turn from the direct contemplation of nature itself to the transcript of this experience represented by the illustrated travel-lecture. A part of the subject matter of both text and pictures, of course, is for our purpose irrelevant, embacing, as it does, material relating to history, architecture, manners and customs, and the like. Let us confine our attention, accordingly, to the type of lecture dealing primarily with landscape. Fair examples of this mode of entertainment are afforded by Burton Holmes' or Newman's travelogues on the Alps and the Riviera, which in Boston, for instance, annually attract such large numbers of the élite to Symphony Hall. The pictures, to be sure, are admirably representative, and the commentary seldom strays beyond the limits imposed by the screen spectacle. But how palpable is the evidence of the lecturer's increasing sense of effort in holding the attention of the audience to the proper subject of his discourse! How subtle are the devices resorted to in order to stimulate the flagging interest of his hearers by lending a fictitious importance to every trace of narrative or personal element! In listening to Mr. Holmes' descriptions of the Alps, I have been struck by his hesitancy to burden the attention of his auditors with even the most casual exposition of such essential geographical and geological data as would serve clearly to differentiate, for example, the great mountain groups of the Pennine, or Valais, Alps, the Mont Blanc *massif*, and the Bernina Range of the Upper Engadine. This solicitude of the lecturer to *amuse* his audience is becoming increasingly apparent in the material of the pictures themselves. One cannot fail to note the progressive assimilation of the technique of the travelogue to that of the "movies," as revealed by the heightened vogue of the "close-up"

(focused upon such trivial and irrelevant features as picnic groups, dogs, babies, the resourcefulness of Giuseppe, the Italian guide, in successfully extricating his party from some trifling mishap) and, still more significantly, by the deliberate incorporation of motion pictures themselves as an essential element of the screen program. The latter feature presents a direct analogy to the concentration of interest upon speed and motion typified by the excursionist's passion for automobiling.

Perhaps, it may be contended, speakers underestimate the capacity of their hearers—an argument similar to that not infrequently advanced in explanation of the low estate of the American stage. In the summer of 1925 it was my privilege to visit, at his villa in Meran, in the heart of South Tyrol, the dean of American travel-lecturers, John L. Stoddard (who has for some years made his residence abroad). The conversation not unnaturally drifted to the topic of travelogues. Mr. Stoddard had recently entertained one of the outstanding figures in this field of public discourse; and his guest, in the course of the discussion of present-day American cultural standards, attributed the signal retrogression of the travel-lecture during the past generation to the growing restiveness of audiences called upon to lend concentrated attention to text or pictures unrelieved by the narrative or personal element, or calculated to instruct or to inculcate appreciation for the finer cultural values of foreign travel.

In summary, let us frankly face the conclusion to which the foregoing premises so clearly point. The world of nature, in so far as it concerns the American excursionist, represents largely but *a framework of space* which constitutes an appropriate *theater of action*—action whose basic motives are to be found principally in gregariousness, rivalry, the love of adventure, and the exhilaration arising from the sense of speed and motion. There remains, of course, a residuum (partly, no doubt, subconscious) of interest in the landscape *per se*. The actual rôle played by this interest, however, may perhaps best be suggested by the analogous function of the stage setting—that of a mere decorative adjunct to the drama itself—or of the musical accompaniment to the motion-picture play.

Finally, I should like to suggest to some enterprising social psychologist the fruitfulness of an inquiry into the underlying causes of this pathological decline of our feeling for nature. Upon such a scientific investigator will rest the ultimate responsibility for determining the exact relation which this phenomenon sustains to such contemporary tendencies as the drift to the city, the mechanization of industry, the craving for sensationalism, and the materialistic philosophy of life.

KENNETH GLENDOWER DARLING.

The Study Table

Shall Justice Fail?

The public is indebted to Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, for this* illuminating and convincing statement of the famous Sacco-Vanzetti case. The book is a miracle of condensation and clarity. Out of the numberless thousands of pages of the record, the mere reading of which was a staggering labor, the author has brought forward those facts which are central to an understanding of the case and of its progress through the courts of Massachusetts.

Starting with a description of the South Braintree murder, Professor Frankfurter devotes the first portion of his book to the trial at Dedham, Judge Webster Thayer presiding. He then tells of the efforts for a new trial, following upon the conviction of the two men in Judge Thayer's court, and of the appeals to higher courts after Judge Thayer had denied all motions. The last part of the volume presents the confession of Madeiros, and the theory of the defense that this confession has led straight to the uncovering of the real perpetrators of the murder.

Three facts stand out impressively in this analysis of the case. First, the bias of the judge, especially as shown in his admission of extraneous testimony and cross-examination calculated to stir up prejudice against the prisoners because of their radicalism!

> The District-Attorney, (says the author) invoked against them a riot of political passion and patriotic sentiment; and the trial judge connived at—one had almost written, cooperated in—the process. . . . The deliberate effort to excite the emotions of jurors still in the grip of war fever is not unparalleled in the legal history of the times. . . . What *is* unparalleled is that such an abuse should have succeeded in a Massachusetts court.

A second fact is the weakness of the testimony for the prosecution, as compared with the mass and weight of the testimony for the defense. Nothing seems more certain, in the light of this balancing of evidence pro and con, than the inference that the prosecution would have failed had not its flimsy case been presented in an atmosphere of hysteria which made a verdict of "guilty" a patriotic duty. These two aliens were guilty of treason even if they weren't guilty of murder, and the one charge was quite as good as the other!

Lastly, there is the new evidence dug up since the original trial. This evidence hits out in two directions. It shows convincingly that Sacco and Vanzetti did *not* commit the murder, and it shows as convincingly that the Morelli gang *did*. Yet the Massachusetts Supreme Court found itself so bound by the restrictions of the law that, in the face of Judge Thayer's obstinate and biased refusal of a new trial, it could do nothing. So Sacco and Vanzetti are condemned to die on July 10th next.

Professor Frankfurter has performed a public service of the highest order in presenting the facts of this monstrous case in this short, readable and accurate form. We are persuaded that this book will have a large part in achieving what must be the final outcome—reprieve or pardon by Governor Fuller.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti," by Felix Frankfurter. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

War Myths

Small in size but unusually comprehensive in contents is this book* by Professor C. H. Hamlin, of Atlantic Christian College.

*"The War Myth in United States History." Published by the Vanguard Press, New York.

The recital of a tragedy is often more impressive when given without sensationalism in either tone or gesture but with quiet manner as a simple relation of despairing fact. That is how it is with this book. It is a plain and simple relation of fact piled upon fact. Its atmosphere is one of calm and judicial inquiry. But it reveals tragedy upon tragedy.

The author is an iconoclast and his work is done well. Of the book he says that it "simply lays the facts" before the reader. But those facts are sufficient to dispel the mist of traditions that have surrounded certain periods in our history, notably the Revolutionary War. Beginning with the Revolutionary War the author has searched with painstaking precision into the circumstances and conditions that have led to the participation by this country in the six major wars which disgrace its history. The ideas, or ideals, which have been held before the populace as reasons for, or causes of, the conflicts—in each case presented to people with the finality of absolute necessity—he has examined with scrupulous care only to find them every time a hollow mockery, like ancient myths and superstitions. Since other nations freed their slaves without resort to arms, why could not we have done the same? So even the Civil War is shown to have been unnecessary. And as for the World War—! The devices resorted to by "Authority" in order to arouse our population to the degree of indignation and hatred essential to their needed cooperation are summed up in the words: "This was the greatest fraud ever sold to the public in the name of patriotism and religion."

This book is the essence of a score, or more, of volumes by the highest historical authorities from which the intensive facts have been gleaned that compose its pages. At the close of each chapter is given a bibliography listing the works of reference studied by the author. It is a monument to the author's patience and his determination to give the world a condensed account enabling the vast thinking public, that has no time for the required investigation, to know the truth. We shall never get anywhere, at least not anywhere that will satisfy us, till we are guided by truth—not by lies manufactured by governments for our misguidance and undoing.

On the pages of this book facts are presented with not the slightest trace of sensationalism, but those bare facts strip off all the carefully built attempts of the past to conceal the real nature of the matters over which nations have carried on collective homicide, and the plain and simple truth is exposed in all its horrid and loathsome reality. One recoils aghast at the revelation of the hypocrisy and deception so continually practiced by what Mr. Ponsonby terms "Authority," till the devastation of Europe and demoralization of the whole world by the late war was their culmination. If only the people, the populace, the common people whom Abraham Lincoln loved and believed in, would read this book and let its plain facts sink into their consciousness, it would seem as though they must almost arise in fury shouting, "Never again," refuse forever their allegiance to any government that would even consider war as a possibility and demand the instant and complete outlawry of the entire war system and abolition of armies and navies and every kind of war machine or contrivance.

May this brief but uncompromising volume help materially to hasten that joyful and inevitable day!

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

Today

The Past is a bitter crust,
The Future a pop-eyed jade.
From each I turn dismayed
To the Present's austere *must*.

ALICE THACHER POST.

Correspondence

Borah and Jane Addams

Editor of UNITY:

The campaign for the Presidency in 1928 has begun. The country never had greater need for real statesmen at its head than now. Are not Senator Borah and Jane Addams the two sanest, most trustworthy, most independent and courageous, most incorruptible, largest minded, most truly American (according to the pattern of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln), ablest and greatest statesmen in this country today? I believe they are. Why should they not be UNITY candidates for President and Vice President in 1928? I beg leave to nominate them.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

War Should Be Outlawed!

Editor of UNITY:

The enclosed resolution was adopted by the Wisconsin Legislature, March 30, 1927. The "Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom" was responsible for its introduction. While it does not compass the Borah Resolution nor the Levinson principles and plan of outlawry, it is the best any state has done yet on any deliverance on outlawry. Give Wisconsin credit for so much!

JOHN FAVILLE.

Lake Mills, Wisconsin.

Resolution Relating to the Outlawry of War

Whereas, War between nations under existing international law is a lawful institution, and any nation, with or without cause, may declare war against any other nation; and

Whereas, War is the greatest existing menace to society, and the next great war is almost certain to be more terrible than any previous war and is likely to engulf and destroy civilization: now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the senate, the assembly concurring, That war between nations should be outlawed as an institution or means for the settlement of international controversies by making it a public crime in international law, and that every nation should be encouraged by solemn agreement or treaty to bind itself to indict and punish its own international war breeders or instigators and war profiteers under powers similar to those conferred upon our congress under article 1, section 8, of our federal constitution, which clothes the Congress with the power "to define and punish offenses against the law of nations;" and be it further

Resolved, That the president of the United States and Congress be and are hereby memorialized to take the necessary steps to make this country the leader in the movement for the outlawry of war through agreements with other nations and through legislation curbing all instigators of war and war profiteers. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution, properly attested, be sent to the president of the United States, to the presiding officer of each house of Congress and to each Wisconsin member thereof.

A Discontinuance and Renewals

I

Editor of UNITY:

Some time ago you published a poem by me. For this I thank you. I have always admired and revered Dr. Holmes though never agreeing with him in opinion. The time seems now to have come for me to take a stand, however humble I may be.

In its thirst for "Internationalism" your periodical seems to be placing Asia, Europe, or any other old section,

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

UNITY takes pleasure in calling attention to the honor which has been paid one of our representatives in England. Dr. Walter Walsh, Leader of the Free Religious Movement in London, attained his seventieth year on April 13, when some two hundred people representative of almost every phase of modern religious and political thought attended a dinner in his honor. After an illuminated address and a check had been presented, wonderful tributes to Dr. Walsh's life-long work on behalf of world religion and world brotherhood and for a better social order were paid. Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist, Mr. Arnold Lupton, and many other well known people were among the speakers, while messages of congratulations from numerous countries arrived in a steady stream at the great preacher's home to hearten him in his work.

Dr. Walsh had a stormy and adventurous career—he has oftentimes been stoned in the streets and on one occasion his house was severely damaged by a frenzied mob of misguided "patriots," because of his pacifism. But he and his brave little wife have weathered all these storms, and have lost none of their buoyant optimism and faith. Mrs. Walsh was not forgotten in the tributes paid to her husband at Wednesday's dinner—which, by the way, was a bloodless one in deference to Dr. Walsh's humanitarianism!

"As long as my sails flap in the wind they shall not be furled in idle port," declared Dr. Walsh in the course of an eloquent address in reply. "After surmounting three score years and ten I cry 'Forward yet!' with confidence that the good fight of faith is far from finished." These two sentences typify the wonderful spirit which has never failed to animate this bold and courageous fighter.

Germany.—*An "Anti-Reichswehr Week"* was arranged by the German Peace Society from March 14-21, to protest against the new military budget, which has risen from 450 million marks in 1924 to 697 million in 1927, although the personnel of the army remains at the fixed level of 100,000 soldiers and 14,000 naval men. For the first time, part of the Youth Movement has also made a public protest against the military estimates. A note addressed to the Reichstag, the Left-wing parties, and to numerous members of the Reichstag, contrasts some characteristic items from the estimates with the expenses assigned to the protection of youth and the encouragement of educational reforms, and demands a reduction on military expenditure. The petition was signed by 16 separate youth organizations, 2 educational associations, and a number of leading personalities in the youth movement.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION MONTHLY NEWS SHEET

International Youth Camp, 1927.—The International Fellowship of Reconciliation Youth Camp will be held from August 3rd to 10th, at Vaumarcus, in French Switzerland.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME

General Topic: St. Francis and the Youth of Today

I. Historical Introduction: The life and times of St. Francis in their relation to the problems of our own day.
II. St. Francis and Nature.
III. St. Francis and the Social problem.
IV. St. Francis and Poverty.
V. St. Francis and St. Clare: the problem of the right relation between men and women.
VI. St. Francis and Peace.
VII. The closing subject might be: St. Francis in Art, Drama and Music.

Each question will be introduced by some authority at the beginning of the morning meeting, after which would come a general discussion. Group discussions might be held at the end of the afternoons, the interval between lunch and tea being reserved for excursion and the evenings for music and perhaps Franciscan plays in various languages.

The camp of Vaumarcus is near Yverdon, above the Lake of Neuchatel; it is easily accessible and commands beautiful views. The accommodation will be in dormitories; mattresses and blankets will be provided. A limited number of beds will be available at a slight extra cost.

The total cost should not exceed £5 10*s.* 0*d.* per head, for a party of at least 25 (third class travel right through). Tickets enable the holders to return separately, at any time, within 33 days.

Full details and forms of application from the Int. F. o. R., 16 Red Lion Square, London, W. C. 1.

An International Gathering of Schoolchildren is to be held at Bierville from July 28 to about August 15. 150 boys and girls, 50 French, 50 German and 50 British, will be brought together for study of the three languages, and for games and excursions, followed by music and plays in the evenings. The object of the gathering is education, both linguistic, and in the wider sense of mutual knowledge and appreciation of universal interests such as art and music. The originator of the experiment, in which great interest has been shown in all three countries, is Miss Gilpin, headmistress, the Hall School, Weybridge, England.

An International Guest House is to be opened in London at the end of May; a country house standing in woodland, but within 14 minutes of the city. Foreign guests are specially welcome. Particulars from the Secretary, 19, Sydenham Hill, London, S. E.

* * *

China.—*The British Fellowship of Reconciliation* has sent the following

---

above America, and in your modern superstition papisto Mahatmas above Jesus Christ.

I happen to be an American Christian venerating George Washington and Jesus Christ above any former personalities or—later, the cross and the monument as the highest existing symbols of religion and patriotism. I hold that the man most unselfishly devoted to his town will be so to his state, to his state will be so to his nation, to his nation will be so to the universe. Spirituality passes from within outward.

Unless a president has been so evil as to be impeached I believe for four or eight years it is up to people who have placed him where he is to hold up his hands. To constantly throw mud without any justifiable reason is beneath contempt.

I have cleared my mind and I know that UNITY is above all tolerant of the opinion of the other man. I still agree, as a mossback, in philosophy with James Freeman Clark, Edward E. Hale and Phillips Brooks.

Not because I do not agree with some of the articles in UNITY but because I consider its whole attitude increasingly *dangerous* to my religion and my country, I request you to send me no more of your publications.

Thousand Island Park, N. Y. ELEANOR HARDING.

II

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed is $3.00 to renew my subscription. This is evidence enough that I am satisfied with the little paper. I am glad that it is no larger. Now why do I like UNITY? Not because it lambasts Mr. Coolidge; indeed I feel rather indignant at such attacks. Still I do not want the criticisms of our President to be omitted, because it reveals to me certain types of mind. The almost feverish anxiety of UNITY to find some kind of a god to worship makes me smile. I get along in, and with life very comfortably. When I lack for entertainment I observe the antics of organized religious bodies. Just now I am especially tickled at the reactions to K. K. K. activities by Catholics in our otherwise quiet village. I am interested in your review of "My Idea of God." Where do those ponderous minds bring us to? Nowhere. Neither do they define God. "Tempted Radicals" was good. Your reviews of books hold my interest. I like your untitled editorials; also Sydney Strong's writings, Gandhi, I cannot get interested in, although I read him carefully. I think it is this searching after a god that irritates me. If there is such a being now is the time for him, or her, to reveal himself audibly and visibly to give peace to a seemingly distracted world. Think of the bunk that will be unloaded on humanity the coming week, while the real issues of life are ignored. No, I never "go to church"—work in my flower garden when weather is favorable.

CHARLES PHILIPS.

Stafford, Conn.

III

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed find $3.00 for renewal of my subscription for another year. I could not get along without your wonderful weekly.

El Monte, Cal. ISAAC F. BAKER.

message to the National Christian Council of China:—

"We, the General Committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation send greeting to you, our fellow-Christians in China, in this time of trial. We long to see the Chinese people united in a free commonwealth, taking their rightful place in the family of nations. We acknowledge the injustice and wrong in much of the past policies of our own country and of others in relation to China, but are convinced that the British Government and people now desire peace and friendship with China.

In loyalty to Christ our Lord, the Prince of Peace, lies our only hope of justice between nations and of real unity within a nation; the tragic experience of centuries of Western history proves the futility of the appeal to armed force, whether it be mob violence or military action, even in defense of the most sacred rights; it shows that war, by preventing understanding even among men of goodwill, obscures the way of righteousness.

While we cannot assess moral responsibility for recent incidents, we deplore the loss of Chinese lives through British action, and we are using all our influence to prevent a recurrence of such events. As citizens we shall support only such policies as seek to do justice to China, and to settle all outstanding difficulties by negotiation, believing that foreigners in Shanghai today could, if necessary, be effectively safeguarded by their evacuation and indemnification by their governments, until such time as the present danger to life and property shall have disappeared.

We appeal both to your and to our statesmen to meet in this spirit, for we are confident that they will thus promote the welfare of their respective countries, and good-will among the nations. "Peace-makers who sow in peace reap righteousness."

We commend you to the guidance and protection of Him who can keep us from stumbling.

The National Christian Council of China some months ago passed a resolution on the present situation, declaring their conviction "that the Christian Church and Christian Missions should preach the Gospel and perform Christian service in China upon the basis of religious liberty freely accorded by the Republic of China, and that all provisions in the treaties with foreign countries for special privileges for the churches should be removed. That the present treaties between China and foreign powers should be revised on a basis of freedom and equality." The Council therefore called "Christians in China, of whatever nationality or occupation, to a more fearless following of Christ, whatever the cost, and to cooperation in bringing His spirit into our international relationships." Certain of the missionaries have also refused to accept military protection.

* * *

France.—*The Feminist Movement* is conducting a strenuous campaign against war toys and warlike literature. Tracts have been sent to the mayors of Paris and its suburbs, and other public men, and the press has helped to arouse considerable interest in the question. It was noticeable that fewer war toys were sold last Christmas than in previous years, and the Movement has recently continued its work in this direction by sending a letter to the large shops protesting against the sale of military toys and suggesting ways of transforming them for other purposes.

Two French Conscientious Objectors, the brothers Théophile and Felix Berthelon, have recently been tried by court-martial at Lyons, sentenced to three years' imprisonment, but immediately released under the First Offenders Act. Members of an old Protestant family, they were mobilized in 1914, but escaped to the mountains where they lived in privation, though aided by the peasants, for twelve years. At the trial one of the brothers stated the reason for their action, "Our religion told us, 'Thou shalt not kill.'" Considerable interest has been aroused in France in the case, and the leniency of the tribunal is noteworthy.

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